

# LIFE

PROPERTY OF  
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.




THE FLYING MACHINE



THAT DAINTY  
MINT COVERED  
CANDY  
COATED  
CHEWING  
GUM

FIVE CENTS  
THE OUNCE  
AND IN  
5¢ 10¢  
AND 25¢  
PACKETS



# Chiclets

REALLY  
DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

**Try Them!** If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.  
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada



## Rhymed Reviews

### "A Certain Rich Man"

(By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company.)

REMEMBER William Allen White,  
Whose fame went wide as San-  
cho Panza's  
When first he threw a lurid light  
On what was wrong with Bleeding  
Kansas?

Well, now he's writ a book to tell  
About a Kansas money-maker  
Who beat his State in raising Hell—  
His crop sure was a record-breaker.

It seems because his sweetheart died—  
"A simple maid in all her flower"—  
John Barclay hardened up inside  
And gave his soul for Wealth and  
Power;  
For, all to serve "the Larger Good"  
(A phrase which means "his own  
desires"),

**FREE CIGAR TRIAL**

**THE LA REOLAMA "PANOLA" is a new cigar**

But hundreds of our customers have already ordered and reordered. It is a handmade cigar of the popular panatella shape, 4 1/4 inches long. Its wrapper is of selected imported Sumatra, covering a clean, long filler body of rich, mellow, tasty Havana. It draws freely and burns evenly with a firm, steel-gray ash which denotes quality.

Our 4 1/2c price is the logical result of our selling from factory to smoker direct. The 5 1/2c saved is the Jobbers', Drummers' and Retailers' profits and expenses.

We know the "PANOLA" will gain you as a permanent smoker.

We are so confident of this fact that we want to send you a box of fifty (50), expressage prepaid on **Free Trial**. Smoke 5 or 6 of them—cut one open to prove it's long filler Havana and excellent workmanship. If you like them, send us \$2.25 within 10 days. Should they not prove satisfactory in every respect—return the remaining cigars to us expressage collect—there will be no charge for cigars used in testing.

Write us the request for a trial on your business letterhead. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.

**La Reclama Cigar Factory**  
117A Lenox Ave.  
New York

**10¢ CIGAR 4 1/2**

# LIQUEUR

## Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

FOR CENTURIES THE  
GRAND FINALE TO THE  
WORLD'S BEST DINNERS

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



**Jaeger**  
SANITARY GOODS

Unequaled for their curative and preventive qualities. If you are ill, you need them to make you well. If you are well, you need them to keep you so.

Recommended by leading physicians everywhere.

**Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores**  
New York: 206 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.  
Brooklyn: 204 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.  
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 89 State St.  
Agents in All Principal Cities.

He wrenched from men their livelihood,  
Betrayed his friend, made people liars,

Defrauded farmers, cornered wheat,  
Gave bribes, took rebates, statutes scorning,  
Mixed grain with clay for folks to eat  
(I tried that Breakfast Food this morning),

When, ha!—there stalked across the scene,  
As stern and grim as Mumbo Jumbo,  
A Pr-s-d-nt!—(and this can mean  
No other chief than Bwana Tumbo),

Who gave our friend a dreadful time!  
The thunders rolled, the lightnings lightened;  
And while they failed to prove a crime,  
Poor John was pretty badly frightened.

At first he snarled and sulked apart;  
But sorrow thawed his resolution.

**Mrs. S. A. Allen's**  
**World's**  
**Hair Color Restorer**

Quickly restores color to gray, white or faded hair. A perfect hair dressing. It has been in use for nearly a century throughout the civilized world.

**NEVER FAILS**

If not obtainable at your druggists a large, full-size bottle will be sent, express paid, anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of One Dollar.

**MRS. S. A. ALLEN**  
35 Barclay Street, New York  
Dep't A.

He rose, confessed with contrite heart  
His sins, and gave in restitution  
His hoarded wealth—the tainted prize  
Of Wrong; and last, a repentance crowning,  
He died before his neighbors' eyes  
To save a worthless wretch from drowning.

The book's a noble, homely tract  
For predatory money-breeders,  
Which makes the heart lament the fact  
That millionaires are rarely readers.

Arthur Guiterman.  
(Continued on page 717)



# The Great Christmas Issue of LIFE

DATED DEC. 2  
OUT EVERYWHERE NOV. 30

Containing a Centre Page Cartoon

by Charles Dana Gibson, Entitled

*"LIFE Invites a Few Old Friends to Dinner"*

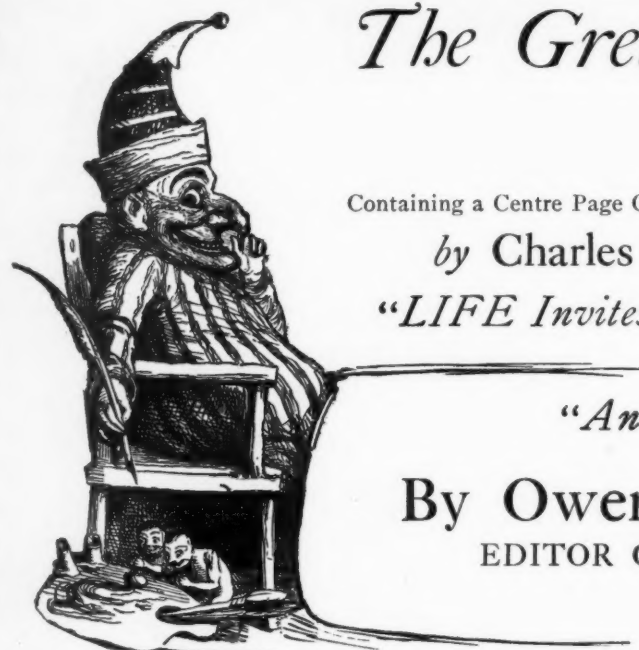
ALSO

*"An International Match"*

VERSES

By Owen Seaman

EDITOR OF PUNCH



## Music Hath Charms

And So Hath

Next Week's LIFE

Dated Nov. 25

### Coming!

**Dec. 2—Christmas.** The price of this number is twenty-five cents—the merriest, largest, most wonderful number of the year. If you send in your subscription now, this number will be included in the year; you will also receive a handsome picture, free. Drop us a line and we will tell you all about it. If you want to send LIFE as a Christmas present to a friend, or any number, mention that also. You might, in addition, send us the money. We are ashamed to mention money. It's a mere incident anyway. Better Obey That Impulse. Nothing tearful or fearful about it, but just a cheerful yearful.

**Dec. 9—Book.** This number is freighted with a literary atmosphere. The Literary Zoo—by the way, do you read that department regularly? Don't get the idea, just because it is among the advertising pages, that it isn't the best thing in the paper. Many people think it is. This number will also contain a wonderful collection of LIFE's contributors—a really remarkable set of pictures.

**Dec. 16—Another Christmas Number.** It's really a regular, but we will call it Christmas because of its Cover (by Wildhack) and its seasonable gladness.



*That Improper Number is coming. Have a little faith.*

It's

### That Musical Number

—To Be Served with a Tuning Fork—

Tra la—tra la—  
Oh, don't you hear it humming!  
Tra la—tra la—  
Oh, don't you know it's coming!  
'Twill be pretty,  
'Twill be witty,  
'Twill be everlasting funny!  
With it's tenors most romantic—  
Prima donnas fair and frantic,  
Lilting lays to take the town in,  
And high C's enough to drown in!  
Haughty impresarios stalking—  
"Art for Art's sake"—hear them talking!  
[Do re me fa so la see dough]  
Oh, 'twill be worth the money—  
Tra la!

**Dec. 23—Another Regular.** Gives us time to catch up. And then comes

**Dec. 30—The Chorus Girls' Number.** We don't dare say much about this number—just now. You may have noticed that we never use slang in these pages—they are written by a high literary swell who doesn't think it is necessary—but we simply must refer to this number as a "peach." Rest up while you're waiting for it.

After that the

**Glad New Year.** The first thing in it will be—but we'll tell you about that later.



# Side by Side in the Same Private Garage with Cars of the Highest Price—the Dashing

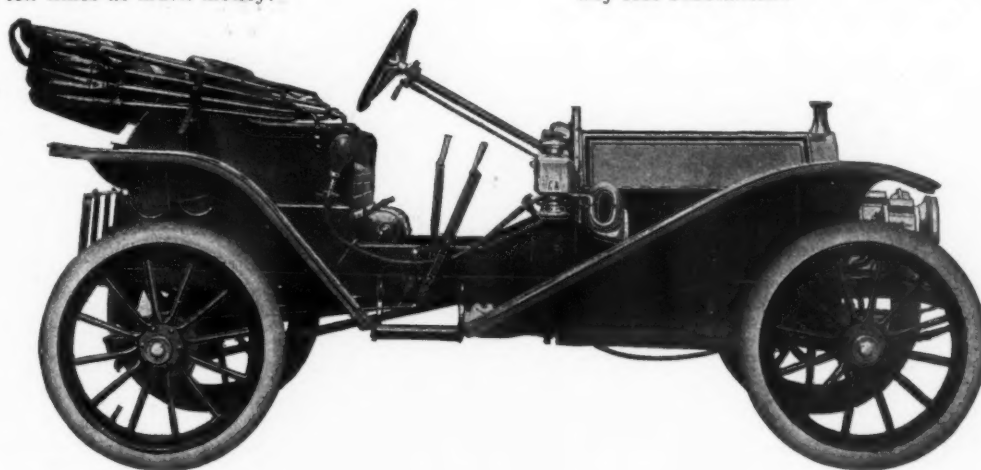
## *Hupmobile*

"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the big income. "They're smart and stylish and I can jump in and skim away a dozen times a day where I wouldn't want to bother with my big car."

"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the modest income. "They're just what I've been waiting for—a thoroughly sound piece of automobile engineering at a price that I can afford to pay."

Of these two classes who are buying them by the hundred, the first man to grasp the goodness and the soundness of the Hupmobile is the man who owns a fine big car which costs him five or maybe ten times as much money.

**4 Cylinders  
20 Horse Power  
Sliding Gears  
Bosch Magneto**



**\$750**  
(F.O.B. Detroit)

### **Fifty Miles an Hour is no Extraordinary Speed for the Hupmobile— and it will Climb any Hill that the Biggest Automobiles can Climb**

After you've recovered from your astonishment at the dashing appearance of the Hupmobile, your first impulse will be to look for some lack of sturdiness in the construction to account for the \$750 price.

You won't find it.

If you know anything about metals, you'll see that the steels employed are the very best and finest.

If you will examine the axles, expecting them to be slight and skimpy, you'll find instead rugged strength and toughness sufficient to support twice the weight.

When you lift the hood, you'll uncover a power plant that's a perfect gem of smooth and scientific workmanship—with an offset crank shaft; all bearings made of Parson's white bronze; and a cam shaft absolutely noiseless in its operation.

When you come to the transmission, you'll find the selective sliding gear type—with gears cut from the hardest and toughest steel.

Even on the costliest cars you've heard the clash of the gear-mesh in shifting gears—but you'll listen in vain for that grinding sound when shifting the gears on the Hupmobile.

The difference between the big car and the Hupmobile is just a relative difference—a difference in size but not in quality. Both are made from the same fine metals; both are the brain-children of skilled designers—the Hupmobile a long cherished ideal of E. A. Nelson, whose fine engineering ability has never lent itself to anything less worthy than cars of the highest calibre.

The Hupp Motor Car Company will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less an honor car than the car that costs \$7500 instead of \$750.

It will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less sturdy—any less substantial.

#### **Specifications:**

**ENGINE**—4 cyl., 20 H. P.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. bore,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. stroke; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parson's white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.  
**TRANSMISSION**—Selective sliding gears, shifting without noise.  
**CLUTCH**—Multiple disc type, running in oil.  
**REAR AXLE**—Shaft drive.  
**BRAKES**—Two foot and no emergency (internal expanding) lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.  
**IGNITION**—Bosch high tension magneto.  
**TIRES**—30 x 3 inches.  
**WHEEL BASE**—86 inches.  
**TREAD**—56 inches.  
**SPRINGS**—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.  
**EQUIPMENT**—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.  
**WEIGHT**—1100 pounds, regular equipment.

A rear spring system of an entirely new type which absorbs about 90 per cent. of the road shock, an ignition equipment precisely the same as you get on a \$5000 car (the Bosch magneto,) an engine oiler operated and regulated by the throttle at the steering wheel, the oil warmed by water from the radiator; the efficiency of the gas mixture heightened and carburetor adjustments obviated by a hot air connection with the carburetor.

These are a few of the Hupmobile features which will send your admiration for the little car up and up by leaps and bounds.

Send the coupon for the literature and the name of the Hupmobile dealer, so that you can see the car for your self.

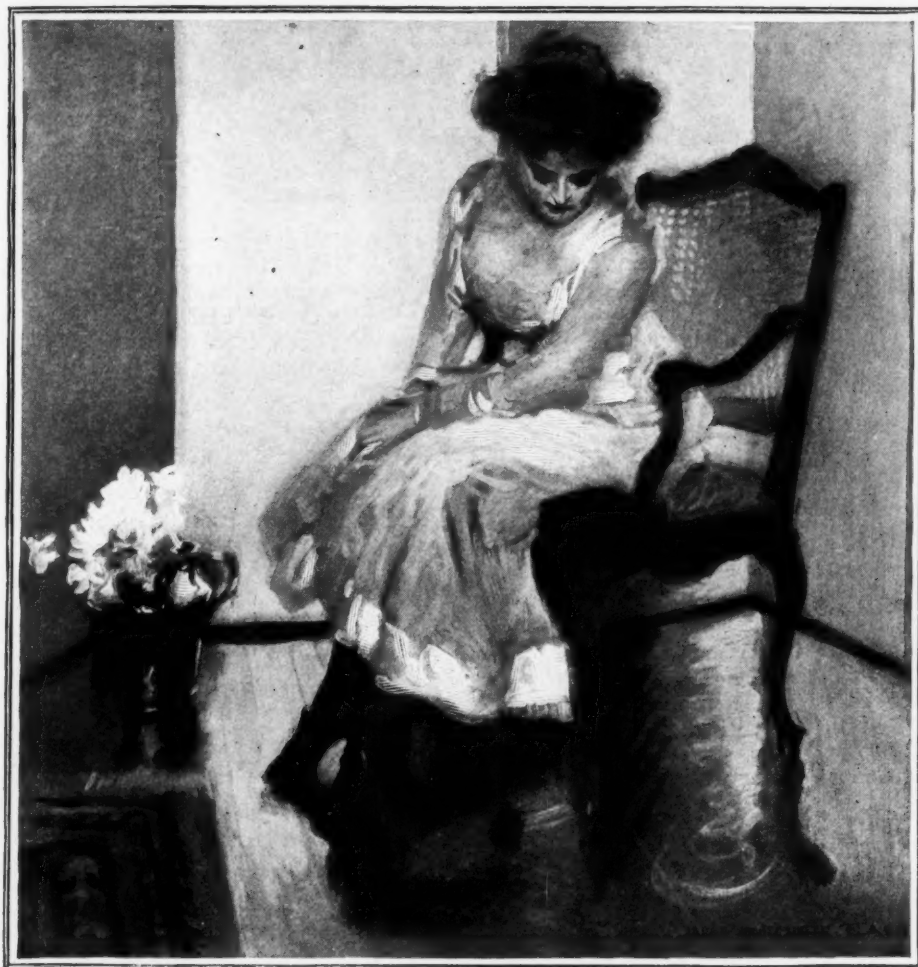
**HUPP  
MOTOR CAR  
COMPANY**  
Dept. "J"  
Detroit, Mich.

Send the 1910 literature and name of Hupmobile dealer to

Name .....

Address .....

**Hupp Motor Car Company, Dept. J. Detroit, Mich.**



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

### **"GIVE ME HARDWOOD FLOORS AND RUGS,"**

*says the woman of today.*

But even hardwood floors need to be cared for. To look their best, they must be clean. The best way to clean them is this: Make a suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm (not hot) water. Apply with a soft cloth or sponge. Rub briskly. Wipe off with clear, cold water. Rub dry with a soft cloth or chamois skin.

As for rugs: First, sweep with a broom, (or, in the case of a domestic rug, beat and shake) until all the dust is removed. Then lay the rug on the floor. Make a stiff lather of Ivory Soap and warm water (half a cake of Ivory will make a bucket of lather) and scrub the rug, width by width. Wipe with a clean, damp sponge. Use very little water.

**Ivory Soap . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure.**

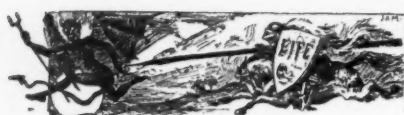
# LIFE



IF GEORGE HAD ONLY WORN HIS TUXEDO

*Papa:* LOOKS LIKE THE COAT TAIL OF THAT YOUNG FERGUSON, TO WHOM I'VE FORBIDDEN THE HOUSE. NOW, JENKS, I'LL WAIT HERE, WHILE YOU GO OUT THE SIDE DOOR WITH BIFF AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND ON THE FRONT PORCH.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. NOVEMBER 18, 1909 No. 1412

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE late election in New York was remarkably fair. The police kept good order and were properly helpful in all efforts to prevent dishonest voting. There were no signs of an organized attempt to put in bad votes and very little individual effort in that direction. All hands accepted the count as substantially fair. All that was excellent.

Tammany got a whaling. That is very wholesome. Some of the Tammany candidates, like Roesch and Sullivan, were personally unfit or stood for particularly bad influences, and deserved to be beaten on their personal merits. But the chief Tammany candidates were personally pretty good. The Tammany nominees for Judges of the Supreme Court were declared by most of the lawyers to be better than the successful Fusion candidates for those offices. Mr. Battle, who was up for District Attorney, is very well spoken of. Mr. Haag, who ran for Borough President in Manhattan, was commended as a well-qualified official. What has been accomplished is no sweeping substitution of sons of light for sons of darkness, but the introduction of officials who will not have to pay Tammany for the chance to serve the city. The Fusion officers hold the strings of the city's purse. They have a better chance to do good work than Tammany officers would have had, because they are not the representatives of an organization that is in politics for business reasons. They will not have to waste the city's money to enrich the powers that govern in Fourteenth Street.

As for Judge Gaynor, he is an extraordinary speculation. Before the campaign he was a sort of Brooklyn

rumor, believed in more or less vaguely by a good many people and indorsed by Edward M. Shepard. During the three weeks he ran for Mayor we got to know him pretty definitely as a man.

Perhaps we saw him at his worst in the campaign. We can't tell yet. We haven't had him as Mayor. The lawyers were pretty well agreed that he was a bad judge, but we are prone when we take the opinion of the lawyers about a man to hold it off a little as a "lawyers' opinion" which the laity ought not to accept without further investigation. This particular opinion was extensively confirmed by the candidate himself in the campaign.

It was a considerable gain in the late campaign that Mr. Bannard was dragged out of an office in Broad Street and exhibited to the people of New York. A good many of them got to know him. He talked to them pretty steadily for a fortnight, and always to the point. If the voters had elected him Mayor they would have got a great bargain. He is the type of man who ought to be Mayor of New York, and a very likely individual of the type.

Nobody seems to think that Tammany could have been beaten without the help of Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hearst is in luck. He has done a good act and he has not got to be Mayor.



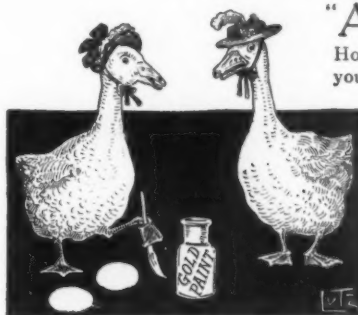
NEW YORK is an enormous corporation, employing a huge number of people, busy all the time with huge undertakings and spending a billion dollars every four years. The management of its concerns is divided up a good deal, nevertheless the services of a man qualified to be its administrative head would be very cheap at fifty thousand dollars a year. We expect to get such a man for fifteen thousand dollars a year in money and the privileges of having two lamps in front of his house, having his picture in the paper, walking at the head of processions when he wants to and receiving foreign visitors. He should be quick at figures and of experience in large financial transactions, a sound judge of character and capacity in men, a discriminating observer of

newspapers, regardful and regardless of them by turn. His heart must beat true to nearly a million Jews, half a million Italians, and to Celts, Saxons, Teutons, Turks, Greeks, assorted Asiatics, Africans and Americans to the number of four millions more. He must feel for all of us—householders, shopkeepers, churchgoers, street-walkers, saloon-keepers, taxpayers, union-laborers, other laborers, woman-suffragists and millionaires—and try to see that we get a fair run for our money.



IT will be seen by comparing the Mayor's salary with his duties that the office is not on a business basis. It is a good job for a politician, or a philanthropist, or a grafter, or a rich man who needs the pressure of duties to keep his faculties in working order and his spirit healthy. The government of New York is as unsuited as possible to be a casual job. A large force of men must be on it every minute, and should be under continuous direction of astute minds, working out definite problems through long periods of time. In fact, however, it is pretty casual, the chief element of continuity in it being Tammany Hall. Tammany governs New York most of the time and tries hard to make the city pay duly for being governed. It succeeds a good deal, but has to make such serious sacrifices of civic economy and its own virtue to make its services duly profitable that the population it serves is always in a state of more or less active conspiracy to pitch it into the street. The alternative to Tammany rule is the service of consecrated citizens who are willing to work for the common good, supplemented by aspiring politicians and by folks who envy Tammany its opportunities and would like a turn at the offices themselves. The trouble with the service of the consecrated altruists is that it is apt to be intermittent, whereas Tammany never lets up. Imperfect as the alternative organization is, it is wonderful what it accomplishes. It is wonderful, moreover, that New York is governed as well as it is. Its best hopes lie in the improvement in the intelligence of the electorate and in the increase of available consecrated citizens.

A Few Deductions



"A H, Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, "I observe that you love formality, that you own this house, although I am not certain about the mortgage, that you are not very well connected, that you do not care for books, that you are trying to make a grand stab at being *recherchée*, while

only succeeding in a poor four-flush."

"Perfectly wonderful, Mrs. Holmes. Quite as good as your husband. How in the world do you do it?"

"It is very easy," replied Mrs. Holmes, as she deftly unshined her nose with a pocket powder rag. "When I came in you took special pains to ask me to remove my gloves and be informal, which showed that you have formality on the brain and that your remark was intended as an apology for anything which was not just so. If you were really informal, you would have said nothing about it."

"You are not accustomed to good things or you would not have served that horrible cake with the tea. Then, when you called the maid to replenish the cake, most of which you ate yourself, you said, apologetically, 'We bought this house without a bell in the library,' a remark which, though awkward, proved conclusively that you owned your home, but proving nothing as to the size of the mortgage."

"Then you will recall your account of how your husband complained of having nothing to read and how you chided him by the reply that there were three large book-cases down stairs and two upstairs, all well filled. This proves that you look on books as household furniture of the junk type. Your whole demeanor proves that you are a very poor climber."

"Perfectly marvelous, Mrs. Holmes."

"It might seem so," replied the detective's wife, "but the real secret, after all, is that I have met so many like you before." *Ellis O. Jones.*

Will It Lift?

DOUBLE the size of an aeroplane and you must increase its driving power far more than twice, if it is to lift.

So, often, with folks.

There are those who fear the surface area of our President has got out of ratio with his motor.

That is how it begins to look to the progressive Republicans of the Middle West. They are afraid that the big aeroplane "President Taft" is not going to lift.



THE ANCHOR

## The Jeffries-Johnson Fight

Reported by Our Miss Ethel Celery Whangbun for the Perfect Ladies' Journal. Illustrated by Our Special Artist, Miss Rosina Chippin Mauve

*Pasadenana, Califada.*

### FIRST CIRCULAR

WHEN the bell rang the two nasty brutes climbed through the little fence and shook hands. This was polite, but if they had been attentive readers of our journal they would have known better than to keep on their gloves.

I spoke to the referee about it and he apologized and said that Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Johnson had only been subscribers for three months and possibly may have missed the September number that contains my page, "The Mills of the Gods," which deals exclusively with Ring-side Etiquette.

### SECOND CIRCULAR

Mr. Johnson, drawing himself up to his full height, and with a look of mingled hatred, scorn, pity and unconcern, said: "Mr. Jeffries, I'm going to give you a frightful smack in a minute!"

Mr. Jeffries smiled at himself in his little mirror, which he had taken out of his vanity bag, and replied: "Mr. Johnson, thank you, but I am not allowed, even were I inclined, to accept presents from colored gentlemen!"

Johnson lit his cheek with rage—on the inside

### THIRD CIRCULAR

Nothing unpleasant happened in this circular, the time being given up to massaging the parties of the first and second parts with Assyrian cream. (We have given this receipt already in the August number.)

Mr. Johnson was granted an extra two minutes to remove a few freckles. (See July number, under K. C. B.)

### FOURTH CIRCULAR

The pugilists, now refreshed, continued. Mr. Jeffries was waltzing beautifully and Johnson doing some really remarkable negro steps. The Boiler Mfr., as his associates speak of him, forgot himself for a moment and struck the "darker" (as I overheard a vulgar reporter speak of him) on the nose, saying as he did so: "The nasal voice, so common in this country, and on account of which we suffer many gibes from foreigners, is often caused by—"

Just then Johnson, losing complete control of his temper, deliberately emptied

the sachet powder out of his sheer batiste gloves and threw it in Mr. Jeffries' face.

Cries of "Foul!" Also some other remarks, which I blush to recollect, and cannot set down unless Mr. Mock can use them in an editorial.

### FIFTH CIRCULAR

I was talking to Rosina Mauve about



"YOU'LL SEE"

her illustration. I didn't see how she was going to do it unless she just drew their heads and left out the rest, because—well, Mr. Mock is very refined and these men are not quite properly clothed. Rosina laughed mysteriously and said, "You'll see!"

### SIXTH CIRCULAR

Everyone in the "squared circle" (that sounds expert) got to quarreling, including the two valets with the hand-embroidered towels. The dispute started with Johnson pinching Jeffries below the knee.

The Boiler Mfr.'s friends cried: "Destroy the negro!" Jeffries kept his head, nevertheless, and waited for an opening, which came when Johnson

yawned. The referee whispered to Jeffries as he pretended to light a cheroot, "Now's your chance, sir!"

Jeffries cleverly seemed not to hear him and walked over to Johnson with his hand behind his back. But Johnson had finished yawning when he got there, so Jeffries pretended he was looking for a piece of a cigar. There is *finesse* in these things.

### SEVENTH CIRCULAR

Jeffries had hardly walked to the center of the ring when Johnson gave him what they call a "hook-and-eye," which is a bias stroke, and painful when the hook meets the eye. It was really a brutal assault. I have never witnessed such a thing before, even between editors and authors. Jeffries gave him a look—I shall never forget that look—it was the look of a wounded thing. And then he swooned.

I gave him mental treatment as he lay there, and as I held the good thought for him a thrill of life seemed to pass along his keel and he shivered, smiled, and rose and said: "Johnson, if you don't stop picking on me I shall hurt you!" You must remember he had been under a strain. Then they began striking each other when the referee wasn't looking.

I must have fainted then. The last thing I remember was someone crying "Oh, mercy!" and a sort of old rose spray in the air.

### Epochs

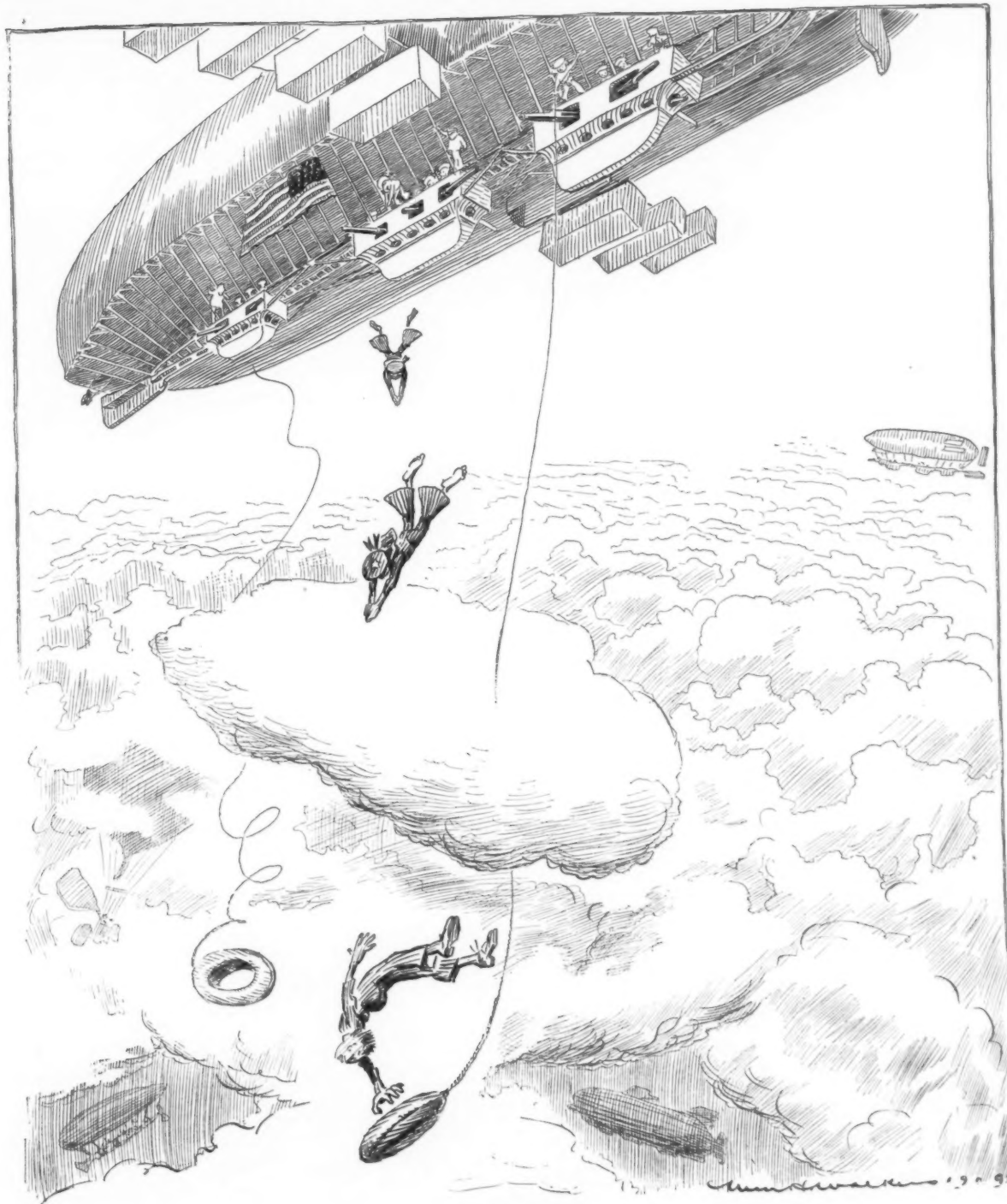
EPOCH-MAKING proved an attractive calling. There was considerable distinction to be won by it and, besides, a reputable epoch-maker couldn't possibly write anything which the magazines wouldn't jump at.

Naturally, the correspondence schools offered cheap and popular courses in epoch-making, and soon there were more epochs than could by any possibility be got into the calendar.

An attempt to form an epoch-makers' union, with a view to curtailing production, resulted in nothing tangible except riot and bloodshed.

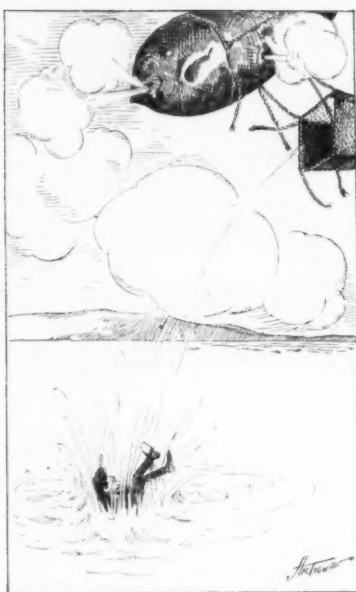
But all at once an exceptionally constructive statesman bethought himself of revising the tariff on pumpkins upward, thus to divert the masses from epoch-making to agriculture. By so simple an expedient was the situation relieved—one epoch was made to dawn where two had dawned before, and the statesman was voted the greatest benefactor of his age.





MAN OVERBOARD!

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS NEVER SHRINK FROM DANGER



"He Was the First That Ever Burst Into That Silent Sea"

### Won by a Ring

IT was rather unfortunate that my old friend Jack Blytheton should have dropped in on me in his aeroplane on the morning of my wedding, but there he was, and I had to make the best of it.

"Of course, old fellow, I would have come sooner, if I could, but the weather hasn't been quite ideal, and I wanted to have the conditions up to the mark. Beautiful day. Congratulate you on it. We'll take a little spin around, anyway."

"Will you get me back here in time to dress?" I asked suspiciously.

Jack looked at his watch.

"To be sure I will. Never fear. Just jump in. Might take a muffler. Apt to be cold."

I obeyed him, and we rose immediately and started off on a fifty-mile slant toward the west. It was great traveling.

"No use, old chap," I said enthusiastically, "I must get one of these machines soon as I am back from my wedding trip."

"Of course you must," he replied. "Hello, what's that?"

I looked, and sure enough a sudden change in the wind had made the weather entirely different from what it was when we started out.

Jack veered her around.

"No time to light now," he said. "The wind is after us. We must scoot."

"But it's half past eleven. I ought to be getting ready now."

"Can't help that. When is the wedding?"

"Twelve-thirty."

The machine began to go forward rapidly. It did not seem so, except for the flying landscape underneath. We were seventy miles from home.

"Look here!" I gasped, "I simply must get back."

"Don't say a word," retorted Jack, with one hand on the steering gear, "I've got all I can do to handle her now. Can you work a wireless?"

Fortunately I had taken the course in school. In a moment I was connected with the church.

"I don't know whether she will consent or not," the parson vibrated back. "I'll persuade her if I can."

"You must," I replied. "Tell her I went out flying with a friend and can't get back on account of wind. She will understand, I am sure."

We kept on. At the moment of the ceremony I got a wireless from the pastor.

"All right. Be ready for your response. Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I will," I wired back. "Get another ring, will you. Mine—or hers—is in my pocket."

"Don't worry," came back to answer.

"We have another. I pronounce you man and wife."

"Good! Kiss the bride for me, and tell her I'll come back as soon as possible."

The storm passed off in our rear, and in two hours we came into sight of the bride's house. I noticed another aeroplane skirting along in the same direction, but didn't think anything about it until the man who was running it dropped alongside of me in the front yard. Then I saw it was my former rival, William Tubster. At this moment my bride came running out. She started to throw herself in my arms when Tubster intervened.

"I guess you married me," he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" I asked

"I responded, too. I said that I would take her to be my wedded wife, by wireless, as I suppose you did, and she said she would have me. She has married both of us."

I shuddered. So did the dear girl. It was too true. The new international law, just gone into effect, that all wireless messages were legal, came like a shock to both of us.

I was just about to rush on Tubster, when, happening to look up, I saw an-

other aeroplane circling around above. In an instant it had landed and Arthur Hazleton, another of my bride's most ardent admirers, stepped out.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, running toward her. But I stepped in his way.

"What does this mean?" I asked haughtily.

"That I am married to her. I responded by wireless. I am entitled—"

There was a noise overhead and still another machine was coming. And lo! there were more in the distance.

Then the truth began to dawn on me. All of my sweet Mabel's admirers—or at least most of them—had been waiting around for the ceremony when they saw my plight. They had taken off my first message and when the critical moment came they had all responded "as one man."

And here we were, all married to the same girl.

At this moment my friend Jack, always noted for his presence of mind, asserted himself. I was so furious at the parson for getting me into such a scrape that I couldn't say anything for the moment. The idea of a parson being so stupid as to get eleven or twelve messages at one time without realizing instantly that something was up!

"Gentlemen," said Jack, "it is obviously a matter to be decided by the Supreme Court. Being a peculiar case, no one else has jurisdiction. I will wire particulars and await the answer."

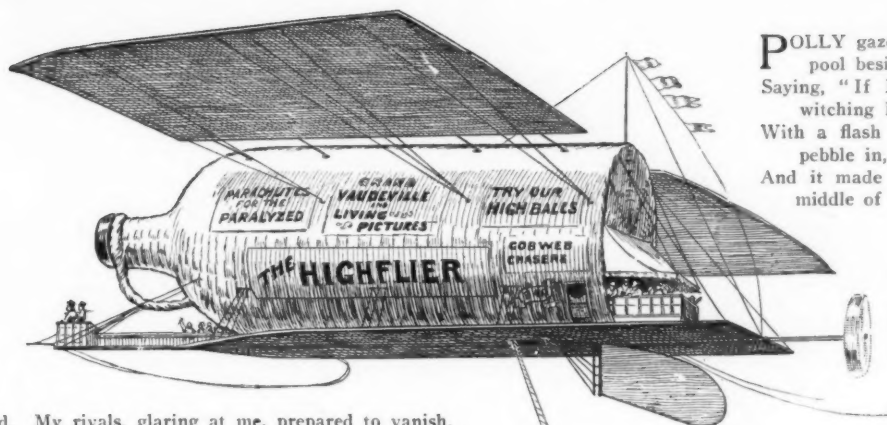
We all bowed. It was the only thing to do. Jack stepped into his machine and sent off the message. There was a moment of intense suspense. Then the reply came:

"She marries the man—who-has—the ring—on—his—person," came back the reply.

I pulled out the ring and stepped for-



PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP



ward. My rivals, glaring at me, prepared to vanish. At this moment the parson, his face expressing his confusion, came running out.

"A nice pickle you got me into!" I cried. "My dear sir, why the devil did you take all those messages at once—those responses?"

"Why, my dear fellow," he replied, "it was perfectly natural. I thought you just kept saying it over and over again a dozen times or more, just to make sure I heard you."

*Chesterton Todd.*

### Lambs

**A** TRUSTING lamb's the ignoblest work of God. Lambs are made to be led. They are the brute type of slaves. There is nothing incongruous about an ass in sheep's clothing, if that's the way the fable goes, for they are both asses. Lambs are dependent. They cannot make a move without authority and precedent. Accordingly they are always bothering others, trying to find out what to do from those who know no more than themselves.

And shepherds are no better. Shepherds are those who take advantage of the poor, unsuspecting lambs, either shearing them or skinning them or trying to make them what they can never be—real independent functionaries. Thus the worst thing about blind followers is that they create a demand for blind leaders.

*Ellis O. Jones.*



"ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE"

**W**ISDOM is but a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. The man who thinks he's all wheat is all chaff.

### No Assistance Needed

**L**UCINDA stood in the presence of two famous surgeons who had just assured her that her present condition demanded an operation and that unless it was performed within a short time she would in all probability die.

Lucinda listened respectfully.

"I'm jes as much obliged to you gen'mans as I CAN be," she assured them, "but ef de deah Lord has done made up his min' to call me home, I thinks he kin translate me widout no assistance."

### Art

**P**OLLY gazed at her reflection in the pool beside the brook, Saying, "If I had a dimple, how bewitching I would look." With a flash of inspiration I threw a pebble in, And it made the cutest dimple in the middle of her chin!

**T**HE pastor of a small country flock was generally accounted a rather dull and prosy preacher. Returning from market one day with a small trout, he accosted a neighbor.

"Good morning, Jones," said the minister; "let me show you a fine trout; I'm using these for brain food."

"Th-th-that's a nice little f-f-fish," was the reply, "but what you really n-n-need, elder, is a wh-wh-whale!"



### THE AERO CAFE

EAGERLY LOOKED FOR IN PROHIBITION DISTRICTS

### The Limit

**W**OULD-BE HUNTER: Aw, me man, what's the game law limit in this locality?

**GUIDE (grimly):** Two deer and one guide.



## Popular Birthdays

FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT

Born Nov. 24, 1849

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitacrum, et veras hinc ducere  
voces.

—Horace.

It seems to us that Mrs. Burnett has followed Horace's advice. She has drawn her characters from real life and invested them with her own charming personality. Above all, she has told a story.

To be a great literary artist is nothing if one is not human. Mrs. Burnett is certainly human and interesting.

LIFE takes off its hat to you, madam. You are an amusing and interesting writer. We prefer your works to many of those on Dr. Eliot's shelf.

And we trust that you may live long among us yet and prosper.

Pray accept our felicitations.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Born Nov. 25, 1837

An dives sit omnes quaerunt, nemo an bonus.

Mr. Carnegie, LIFE has done about everything to you except shake hands with you on your birthday. Let us be cordial with each other.

You have now attained the three score and ten years which are supposed to be man's allotted time, and no doubt have had opportunities of making certain comparisons. You have learned that the disposal of money is an unpleasant business. You have learned that reputations

are not made with bank accounts and that true glory comes to him who forgets that it is desirable.

We think that you ought to be spanked as well as congratulated. It's a ceremony rarely omitted with youthful people like yourself.

Consider, therefore, that seventy-two spanks have been administered, and a couple more for good luck.

And may you, sir, live long and stop prospering, for you don't need it any more.

HETTY HOWLAND ROBINSON GREEN

Born Nov. 21, 1835

Fervet avaritia miseroque cupidine pectus?

—Horace.

It has been said by an old-time socialist, who was hard up, that the love of money is the root of all evil. "Give me, then," remarks a philosopher, "plenty of the root."

The truth is that the love of money is universal, and indulged in by all people, the only difference being that those who have not been lucky in acquiring it conceal their annoyance by deprecating its power for good.

The lady we write of knew all this long ago, and more. She was convinced that no one would help her if she did not help herself. She therefore proceeded to help herself. In doing this she has acquired courage; also a contempt for the opinions of others.

Madam, LIFE doffs its cap to you and recognizes your intrinsic worth.

Congratulations, and many happy returns.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY



THE BREAD LINE

### Modern

MOTHER, may I got out to fly?  
Oh, yes; but, dear, beware.  
Hang your shoes on the flying machine,  
But don't go in the air.

### To Save Us from Ourselves and Others

ANY public-spirited citizen who has five dollars left after election might do worse than to buy an annual membership in the National Highway Protective Society (6 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York).

It seems a good society.

Henry Clews, the eminent broker, who parts his hair so wide, is the president of it.

The purpose is to save us from ourselves when we ride in automobiles, and from others when they do.

It wants legislation providing for a Highway Commission of three members appointed by the Governor, who shall have charge of issuing licenses to chauffeurs, and of revoking or suspending them for cause.

It would tax the autos and motor cycles a dollar a year per horsepower for the benefit of the roads.

The society offers itself as a friend and efficient sympathizer to the general public on the highways.

The burden of recording the daily list of automobile accidents must be heavy on the newspapers, especially with the price of white paper what it is and the price of newspapers so low. The papers ought to join the Highway Protective Society.

The world elsewhere is suffering like as we are. Here is a document that is being circulated in England:

*To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.*  
May it please Your Majesty:

We Village Women of the United Kingdom humbly beseech your Majesty to help us to get some relief from the motor cars. We are sure your Majesty cannot know how much we suffer from them. They have made our life a misery.

Our children are always in danger, our things are ruined by the dust, we cannot open our windows, our rest is spoiled by the noise all night.

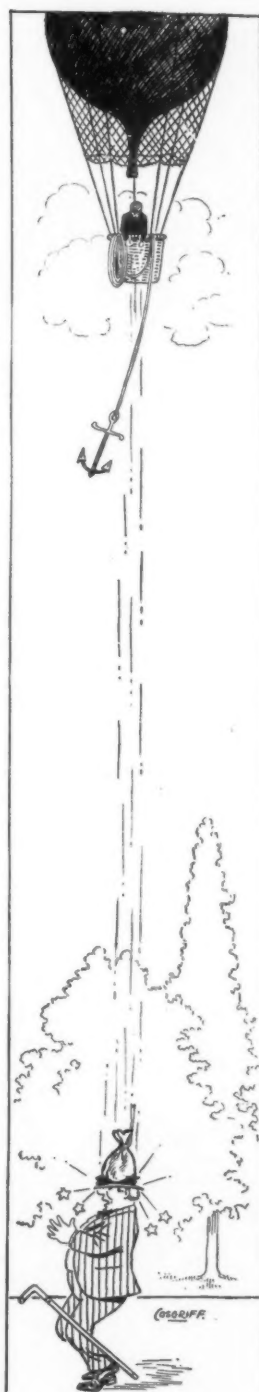
If they could be made to go slow through the villages it would be a great thing; but we are only poor people and the great majority of those who use motor cars take no account of us.

We do not know what to do, so we appeal to your Majesty to use your great influence on our behalf.

The National Highways Protective Society knows what to do and has men out doing it. As we have, as yet, no Queen to appeal to, it is probably as efficient a friend as we can find—for the money.

LIFE's favorite remedy for automobile accidents has always been to put up half a dozen gallows in Union Square and keep them full of impulsive chauffeurs; but that cure has not been tried yet. Perhaps the plan of Mr. Clews' society is better.

Let's try it!



"FROM THE MAN  
HIGHER  
UP"

### The Blind Editor

THERE is an interesting piece in the *American Magazine* about Joseph Pulitzer. Enough is put into it to make a veracious narrative about a very, very extraordinary man. Enough is left out of it to fill many books. Mr. Pulitzer's services in democratizing the manners of American newspapers were not discussed.

The contemporary newspaper is a strange institution. Is it not wonderful that the men who made it and the men it is made about are expected to live side by side in harmony with one another? It would be more natural if newspaper making was the vocation of a separate caste. What are virtues in a man—dignity, forbearance, gentleness, the after-you-sir deportment, reluctance to know or speak evil of another—seem all to be vices or very close to it in a newspaper. It is a strange thing, and the job of making it is a strange job. Mr. Pulitzer did more than anybody else to make the modern newspaper what it is. They say he is a poor sleeper. Perhaps he lies awake nights thinking what he has done, but his biographer in the *American* intimates that what bothers him is not what he has done but what his blindness has prevented him from doing.

We ought not to think of him as a man at all. Rather we should think of him as we do of Mr. Rockefeller, as a force working prodigiously in a certain sphere of action, testing all points of resistance and bursting through where they were weakest.

### Died Under the Rules

THE football proceedings in the course of which Cadet Byrne met his pathetic death seem to have been conducted with a perfect regard for the formalities of the game. No player concerned can be blamed a particle. All must be pitied. It seems that Byrne was already disabled when he went in to his death and should have been withdrawn from the game while still alive. The failure to withdraw him seems to have been an error of judgment, the result of which will doubtless stimulate the vigilance of managers.

But what about the formalities of the game with which this pitiful sacrifice accords? Shall they get off unwhipped of justice? Is there no responsibility anywhere for fatalities that happen, not quite by accident, but in reasonable accord with the proceedings under the rules in a game of football?

How would it do to put the next rules committee under bonds to await the results of at least one season's proceedings under the rules they devise?

Somebody—some definite human entity with a neck, bowels and a purse—ought to be responsible for football rules. Nobody is responsible. They are life-and-death laws, with nothing behind them but "the committee."



### The Theatrical Event of the Season



REAT expectations greeted the opening of The New Theatre. These expectations might well "make the judicious grieve," because the real accomplishment of The New Theatre is not to be compassed in a single performance, nor in a day, nor in a year, nor in many years, perhaps. The unthinking public flocked to the opening performance in the expectation that they were to be stunned by theatre and performance alike. The least impressionable of those who went with this in mind were not disappointed in one part of their expectation—they found a theatre worthy of America in its material completeness and fit in everything but age and tradition to vie with any playhouse in the world. It does not lie in LIFE's province to deal with description. That must be left to other journals, but LIFE's readers may rest assured that our country at last has fit housing for the best that America can produce in the way of dramatic art. The house in its trial performances showed certain defects in the way of hearing and lighting that its enemies made the most of, but which experience will doubtless find a way to remedy. In impressiveness, in beauty, comfort, convenience and safety The New Theatre is a credit to those who have designed it and to the civic pride that has added a new institution and a new impetus to art in the metropolis of America.

In default of an American classic it was suitable that the American temple of dramatic art should be opened with a work of Shakespeare, the genius of our mother tongue. "Antony and Cleopatra" is not among his greatest acting plays, but it is not hackneyed, and gives room for the testing of scenic effect. The beautiful stage pictures provided at The New Theatre showed that in the latter particular the choice

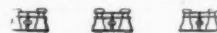


The Census Man: DID YOU SAY MISS OR MRS.?

was a wise one. We have often had more spectacular accomplishments in the way of mobs of people and masses of color and gorgeousness, but there has never been in New York a stage picture more satisfying to the eye than that on which the curtain of The New Theatre rose for the first time. It was Egypt and the palace of Cleopatra. Massive columns that seemed built to last for all time framed views of the Nile and the low-lying country beyond. In the foreground were suggestions of the luxury that marked the time and place. In the atmosphere of the scene one could sense the lurid heat that gives this play its passion and realize the period of blood-lust and superstition that the coming of Christianity turned toward our modern civilization. The beautiful scene before the house of Cæsar in Rome was another fine accomplishment in the way of a stage picture, and the less important scenes were things well deserving to be recalled in the memory of the eye. The costumes were in harmony with the scenes.



Unfortunately not so much may be said for the acting as for the setting of the play. Allowances must of course be made for a new organization and for the fact that The New Theatre could not start in a commonplace way. The idea of a competent permanent company, evenly balanced, which will eventually prevail, had to give way in the beginning to the American craze for names. Hence Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, nominally members of the company, were practically the stars, and gave glaring evidence of the evils of the star system. A good part of the complaints about not being able to hear came from the fact that important lines were slurred by the minor characters so that more stress might be bestowed upon the persons and speeches of the principals. Both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were guilty of very bad elocution, which could be vastly improved if they did not convey the idea of having reached the point of professional position where they are beyond being taught. As to individual performances, Mr. Sothern never for a moment suggests the man who was ruler, wily orator and impassioned lover. He is more constantly the infatuated dotard with occasional bursts of futile fury. Miss Marlowe was never the serpent of the Nile, and only in one or two moments showed the majesty of a queen. In the supporting parts no one played with especial distinction. It might be possible to pick here and there a bit that was creditable to the individual performer, but in this play few of the performers gave pronounced evidence of fitness to be included in America's representative company of stage artists. In some instances one wondered why this particular person had been chosen at all. It is too soon yet to begin to mention names, but it is evident that the process of elimination will have to be strenuously worked before The New Theatre shall have secured the acting material it requires.



In its entirety the performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" shows our need of just such an institution as The New Theatre is likely to become in time. First of all it emphasizes the defects of vocal delivery on our stage. The house may be bad acoustically, but this is negated by the fact that some of the company could always be heard perfectly and others well in some speeches and others at times not at all. It showed that we are woefully deficient in actors who can read blank verse musically and intelligently. It shows that we need schooling in ensemble work, that we are deficient in the





VERY SOON

stage discipline and stage instinct that causes the actor to sink his individuality in the general effort.

In The New Theatre in its first experiments—and its efforts must be experimental for some time to come—we have a fine object lesson. And we have also reason for great hope.



**M**UCH fun, good dancing, and unusually good chorus singing are to be found in "Mr. Lode of Koal" at the Majestic. All the performers are colored people and they are headed by that real

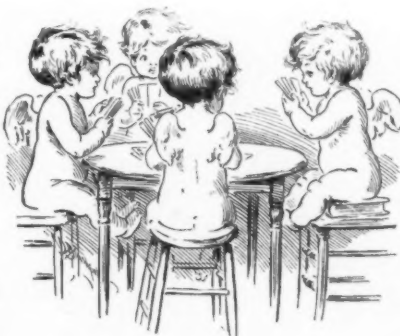
colored comedian, Mr. Bert Williams, of international fame as one of the firm of Williams and Walker. He is content to be a negro comedian, not an imitation white man, and in this lies his fun-making power. Any one who knows the race in its primitive condition in America finds genuine artistry in Mr. Williams and his impersonation of the black man with the characteristics of the traditional negro. He is funny in looks, speech and movement, and he sings his songs in a way to provoke present and reminiscent laughter.

"Mr. Lode of Koal" is written, composed and performed entirely by colored people and is vastly more amusing and laughable than many Caucasian outputs of the same kind. Its women performers seem to have given up the excessive use of white folks' cosmetics.



**T**URNING Mr. W. J. Locke's delightful books and the gentle humor and philosophy they contain over to stage use seems a process fraught with difficulty. His charm is an elusive one and hangs so much on the receptiveness in mood and mind of the reader that his best part is far from the universal touch the stage requires. In "Idols," one of his earlier works, he was nearer the purely dramatic than in his later creations. Therefore it makes a better play than "The Morals of Marcus" was and "The Beloved Vagabond" is said to be. "Septimus," which is being tried out away from New York, has not yet met its final verdict.

"Idols," as produced at the Bijou, was handicapped by a cast of not surpassing merit, but even so it told an interesting story in an interesting way. A courtroom



PLAYING HEARTS

scene in which an innocent lady goes on the stand and swears circumstantially that she has been faithless to her marriage vows is bound to hold the attention, and, better done, might have made the play a sensational success.

As it is, "Idols" may catch the popular fancy or, after the fashion of other plays at the Bijou this season, may have gone to the mortuary chapel by the time this is printed. *Metcalfe.*



*Academy of Music*—"The Witching Hour." Absorbing drama dealing with thought-transference as an actual power.

*Astor*—"Seven Days." Notice later.

*Belasco*—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" Laughable comedy satirizing suburban life.

*Bijou*—Dramatization of Mr. Locke's "Idols." See above.

*Broadway*—"The Midnight Sons." Musical and amusing.

*Casino*—"The Girl and the Wizard." Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian in a diverting musical piece.

*Comedy*—"The Melting Pot." by Mr. Israel Zangwill. America from the Jewish point of view.

*Criterion*—"Israel." Badly cast emotional drama with one strong scene.

*Daly's*—"The Belle of Brittany," with Mr. Frank Daniels. Notice later.

*Empire*—"Inconstant George." Laughable French farcical comedy, with Mr. John Drew in the title part.

*Garrick*—"The Harvest Moon," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Interesting setting forth of certain psychical theories.

*Hackett*—Last week of "Such a Little Queen." Elsie Ferguson's charming work in pleasant fantastic comedy.

*Herald Square*—"The Chocolate Soldier." Delightful music well sung. Book based on "Arms and the Man."

*Hippodrome*—Excellent spectacle, ballet and circus.

*Hudson*—Mr. Kyle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges." Pleasant light drama well acted.

*Lyceum*—"Arsène Lupin." Clever and amusing French detective drama.

*Lyric*—Mr. William Faversham in "Herod." Blank verse tragedy handsomely produced.

*Majestic*—"Mr. Lode of Koal." See above.

*Manhattan Opera House*—Repertory of grand opera.

*Marine Elliott's*—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Jerome's mystical play admirably acted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and English company.

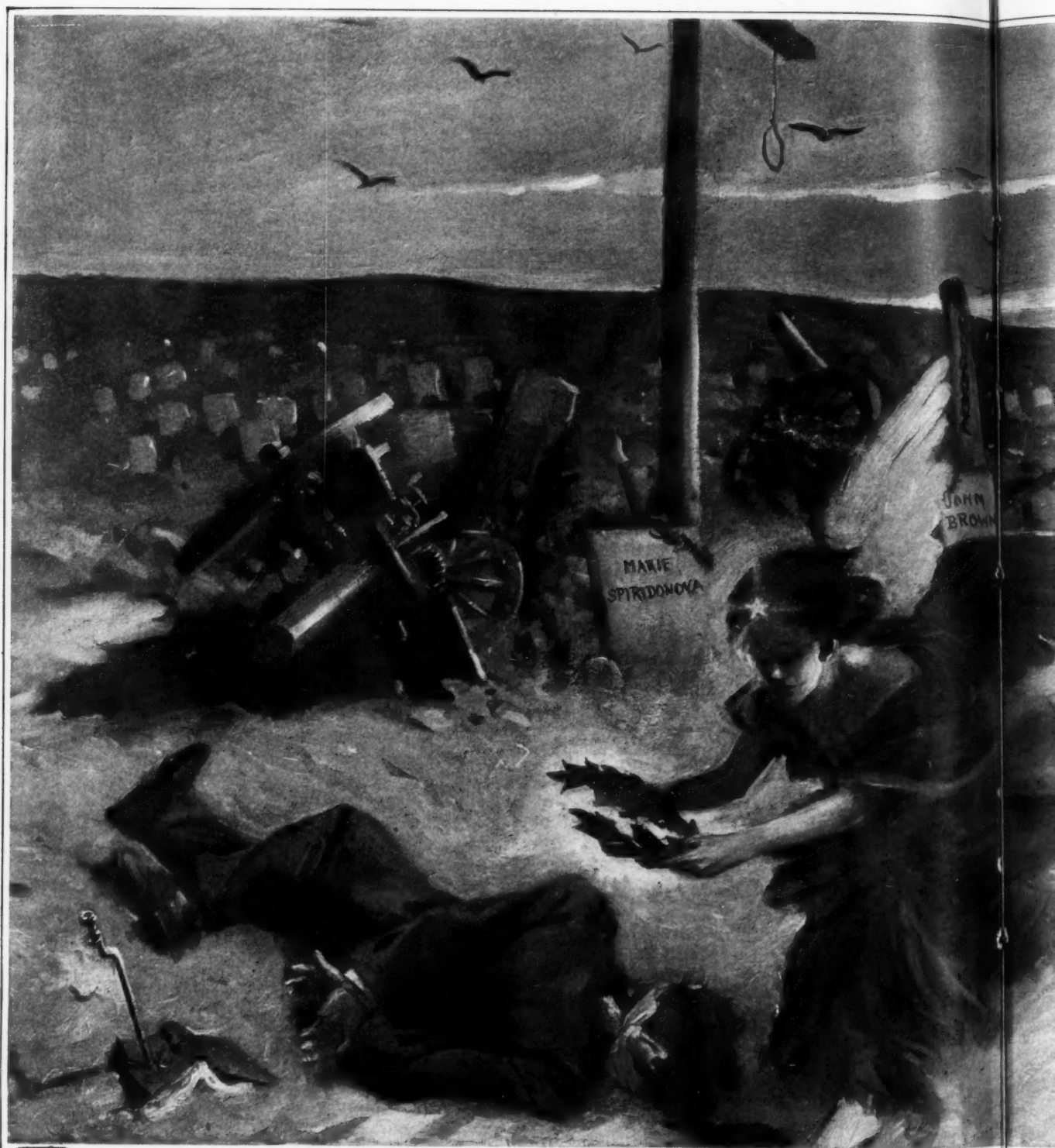
*New Theatre*—Repertory including "Anthony and Cleopatra," "The Cottage in the Air" and "Strife."

*Savoy*—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." Clever dramatization of popular novel, with Miss Margaret Anglin and good cast.

*Stuyvesant*—"The Easiest Way." A photographic and microscopic study of certain phases of life in the Tenderloin.

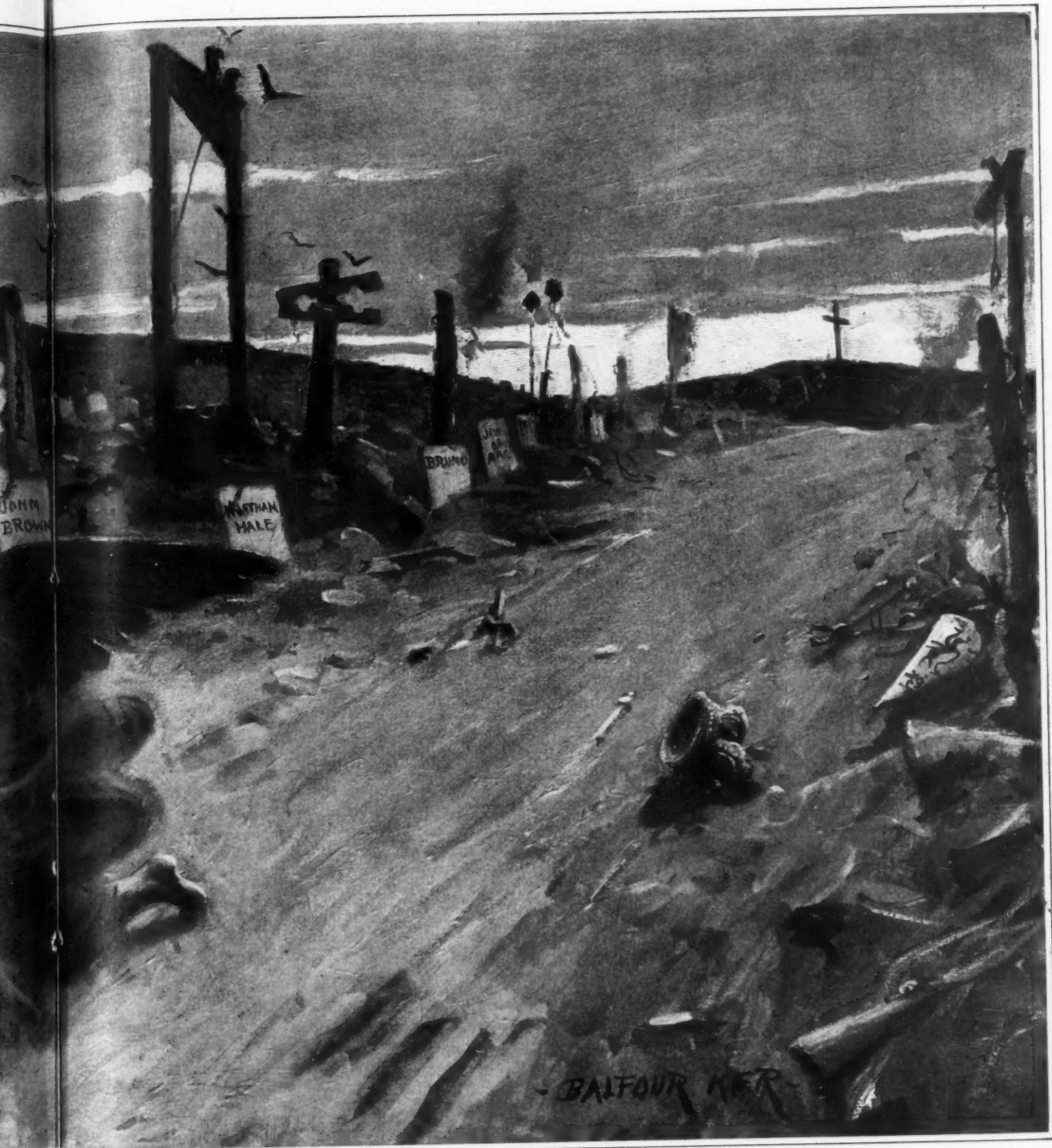
*Wallack's*—"The Fourth Estate." Powerful and very well presented play of conditions that confront us.

*Weber's*—"The Climax." Agreeable little comedy-drama with musical undertone.



The Path of  
FRANCISCO FER

LIFE.



e Path of Progress

FRANCISCO FERRER



# BOOKS

SOMETHING less than a year ago an English writer, who did not see fit to divulge his identity, published a critique of Gilbert K. Chesterton that made, and indeed still makes, both amusing and informing reading. The book was amusing because it was full of brilliant comment on the mind and the methods of a man widely known as a brilliant but erratic commentator. And it was informing because it did us the very genuine critical service of reducing to a logical and comprehensible sequence the apparent chaos of Mr. Chesterton's points of view. And, unlike the great majority of books when approaching their first birthday anniversary, it is still worth reading.

HOWEVER, our chief present interest in this book, now no longer among "the latest," springs from the fact that it seems to have inspired Mr. Chesterton to follow its example. He appears, if one may so explain it, to have regarded the volume not as a challenge but as the initial move in an exhilarating game—one of those games whose familiar slogan is "Pass it along!" And, having so taken it, he seems to have looked about him for a likely victim and a worthy successor; to have chosen *George Bernard Shaw*, and by the publication of the highly characteristic work bearing that title to say, in effect, "Tag, you're it!" Whether or no Mr. Shaw will consent to play remains to be seen. Meanwhile there is much enjoyment and no little understanding to be gained from G. K. C.'s performance, for Mr. Chesterton, in spite of his strange handicap of being too brilliant, is never a barren critic. He carries a light; and there are times when, boy-like, he dazzles us by turning it in our faces; but between times he shows the way. His critique of Shaw is friendly, just and—except on the occasional points where Mr. Shaw's clear-sightedness runs counter to Mr. Chesterton's pet errors—illuminative.

MR. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN writes stories in much the same joyous and improvident fashion that some lovers of fresh air and the open country practice pedestrianism. He

starts out in the morning, that is to say, enamored of the sun, with pulses leaping and a spirit greedy for adventure, and presses with springing steps toward some half-determined goal. And then, somewhere along in the afternoon, suddenly remembering the necessity of getting back again, he is forced to choose between limping in after dark, tired and bedraggled, or begging a lift from a passing farmer. His new novel, *Jason*, is a case in point. It starts on a spring day in Paris. It thrills with a sense of youth, a consciousness of romance and a pervading *elan* of the pure joy of living. And, though it droops a bit toward noon, it is not until four o'clock or so that it fully realizes how far it is from home. And then? Why, then it ignominiously cuts across lots and takes a trolley! Now, of course, there are two ways of looking at this sort of thing. To sticklers for consistency, and to those for whom the last word is the significant one, *Jason* must prove a promise unfulfilled and a sweet taste spoiled in the mouth. But there is a measure of real delight in it for those happier eclectics who are willing to bask in such sunshine while it lasts and then to go philosophically indoors when it comes on to rain.

ANY man or boy (or tomboy) who stumbles upon James Cooper Wheeler's *There She Blows!*, with the picture of a spouting whale and a long-boat full of whalers on the cover, is likely to feel the promptings of a wholesome appetite for an occasional sea yarn. And, if they are not too exacting in their demands, they will find that the story can be relied upon to satisfy the craving. It is an honest, straightforward narration, with no false pretense of embellishment, either literary or imaginative. It starts frankly at the beginning and stops when it gets through, and manages, in between, to be extremely graphic on occasion and never wholly uninteresting.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*Gilbert K. Chesterton.* John Lane Company. \$1.50.  
*George Bernard Shaw,* by Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Company. \$1.50.  
*Jason,* by Justus Miles Forman. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.  
*There She Blows!* by James Cooper Wheeler. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.20.

## Jew-Baiting Par Excellence

... The rampancy of the immoral on the stage at the present time, and especially in New York, presents a rare opportunity for the Jews. We could settle the problem of the purification of the stage if we chose to be true to our principles and tradition. We are chargeable with a large measure of responsibility for the continuance of dramatic conditions which insidiously debase and are permitted because they entertain. *We Jews can alter this. We are large patrons of the theatre. As theatrical managers, playwrights, actors, and impresarios, we wield a power difficult to resist in the theatrical world.*

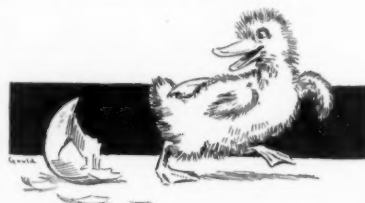
IS this true? LIFE has repeatedly said it was true, and for saying it LIFE has been assailed in print, has been called a Jew-baiter and has been made the target of a silent but energetic Jewish boycott.

The present author of these statements is the eminent Rabbi Alexander Lyons, writing in the *Federationist*. Are Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and the members of their race ready to brand Rabbi Lyons a Jew-baiter? If not, why not?

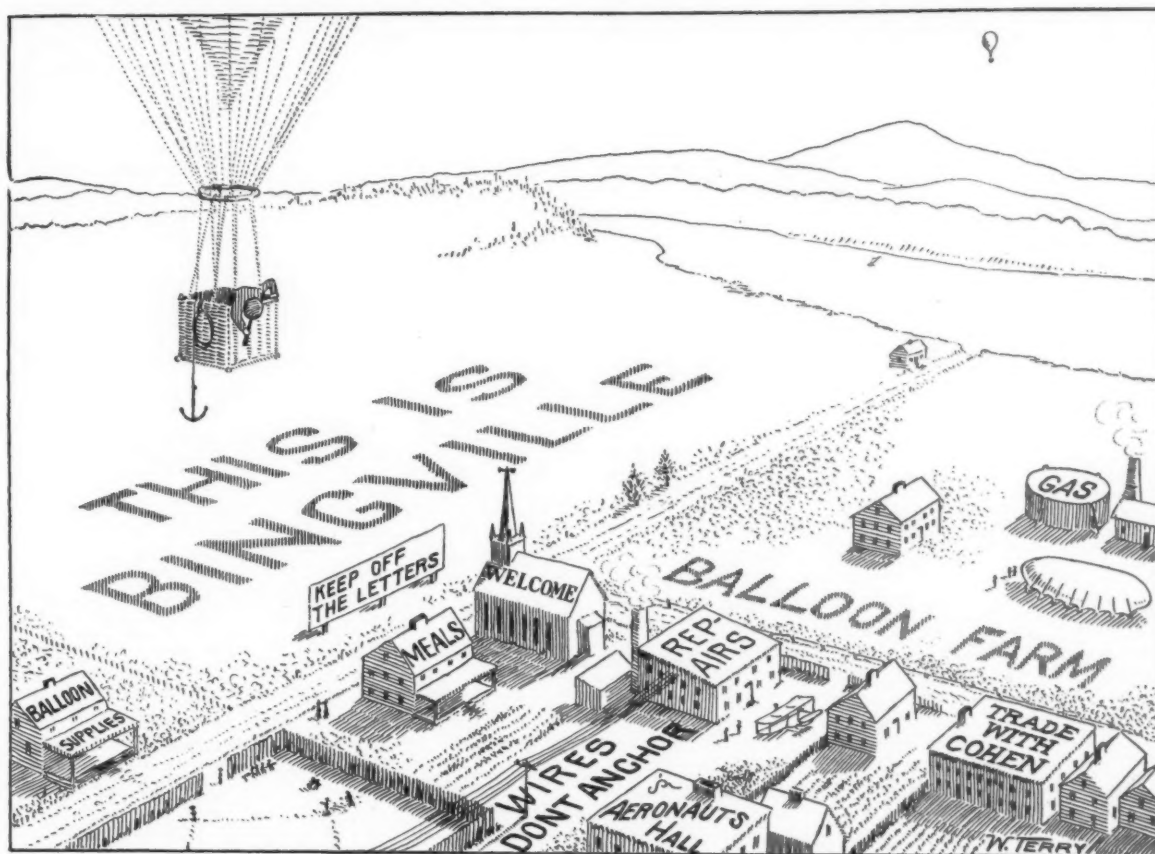
Commenting on these utterances of the Rabbi, *America*, the leading Roman Catholic review, says:

From the history of the syndicates and individual enterprises that now dominate the theatrical field, and are chiefly responsible for the output of garbage with which it has been covered, there is scant hope that this appeal to the good traits of their race and the moral teachings of its creed will overcome the promptings of the greed that has so debased the stage.

Pretty strong talk, that; a good deal like LIFE's. Are Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and their associates ready to brand *America* as a Jew-baiting organ and enlist the members of their race to boycott it? The Jews of New York have supported Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger in their attacks on LIFE. Why shouldn't they also join forces against Rabbi Lyons and *America*?



DOWN AND OUT



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW—THE NEAR FUTURE.

## It Is Times Square

By Ordinance of the Board of Aldermen,  
Signed by the Mayor

To the Editor of *The New York Times*:  
Says this week's *LIFE* under the heading "Advertisement by Usurpation": "The *Times* is housed on a site that it calls 'Times Square' and the *Herald* on one that it calls 'Herald Square,' neither title being based, so far as we know, on anything but impudence." Recently you quoted from the *Sun* an editorial statement which referred to "Long Acre Square," an appellation which you rather derisively, it seemed to me, placed in inverted commas. Will you let us have the facts, Mr. Editor? Just what official authority is there for the name "Times Square"?  
LOUIS B. COHN.

New York, Oct. 21, 1909.

The ordinance of the Board of Aldermen of April 13, 1904, decrees that the open space between Forty-second street and Forty-seventh street, at the intersection of Seventh avenue and Broadway, "shall hereafter be known and designated as Times Square," and provides that the necessary changes be made in the maps and records of the city.—*Editor The Times*.

—New York Times, Oct. 24.

**G**RACIOUS! it is worse than we thought. The whole of Long Acre

Square, from Forty-second to Forty-seventh Street, wiped clean off the map and "Times Square" put in place of it! All formally done by the Aldermen, too! This is a far greater triumph of impudence than we had supposed. It was plain, bold, piratical highway robbery! Everybody knows that getting away street names and square names from Aldermen is like stealing candy from a child, Aldermen, as a rule, having no respect for history or local associations. How did the buyers of the *Times* have the brass to do it? The comfort is that what one Board of Aldermen has given away another Board of Aldermen can take back. Maybe it will be Roosevelt Square some day.

**B**ABY'S in the ice-cream freezer,  
Willie turns the crank to squeeze her.

Ma says: "Dear, the way that's fixed  
"You'll have that child completely mixed."

## Culinary

**C**ANNIBALS have taken prisoners two strolling actors—the tragedian and a supernumerary. They are brought to the king.

THE KING: I will have the supe served first, then you may bring on the ham.



APRIL AND DECEMBER



### Princes and Maids

A prince espoused a beggar maid  
In days when princes were supreme,  
For which his fame will never fade,  
His love is every poet's theme.

Yet we should cease the deed to praise,  
For things have strangely altered since.  
This is the union nowadays—

"A maiden weds a beggar prince."  
—Chicago Record Herald.

### Disproved

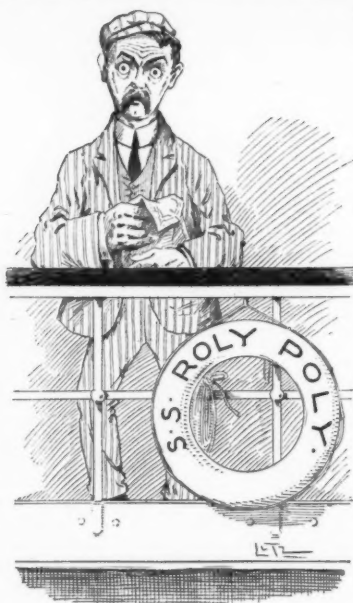
"Just think of it! One person in every 37 in England is a pauper."

"Why, John," she returned, "it isn't so. I met more than 37 people in London last summer myself, and there wasn't a pauper in the lot."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Obedying the Doctor

SALESMAN: Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom?

CUSTOMER: Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.  
—Boston Transcript.



OBEY THAT IMPULSE

### An Orchard Confidence

"You would know if I am ripe, sir?" said the apple on the tree.

"It depends on what you're seeking, for I'll tell you truthfully

If it's pleasure you are after I am still a trifle gaunt;

But if trouble you are seeking, I'm the pippin that you want."

—Judge.

### A Revelation to the Cook

A happily married woman, who had enjoyed thirty-three years of wedlock, and who was the grandmother of four beautiful little children, had an amusing old colored woman for a cook.

One day when a box of especially beautiful flowers was left for the mistress the cook happened to be present, and she said: "Yo' husband send you all the pretty flowers you gits, Missy?"

"Certainly, my husband, mammy," proudly answered the lady.

"Glory!" exclaimed the cook, "he suttently am holdin' out well."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"The duchess speaks kindly of America."

"That's nice of her."

"All the more so, I think, since she was born and raised in Milwaukee."—Kansas City Journal.

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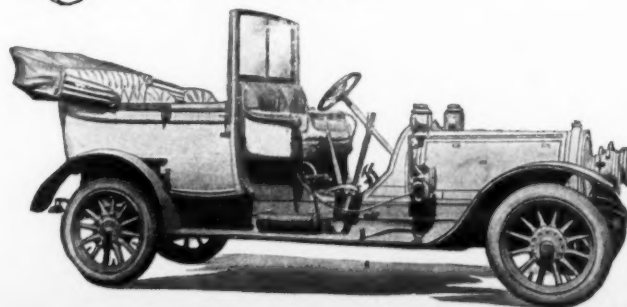
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Broadway and 47th Street, New York

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*Peerless*

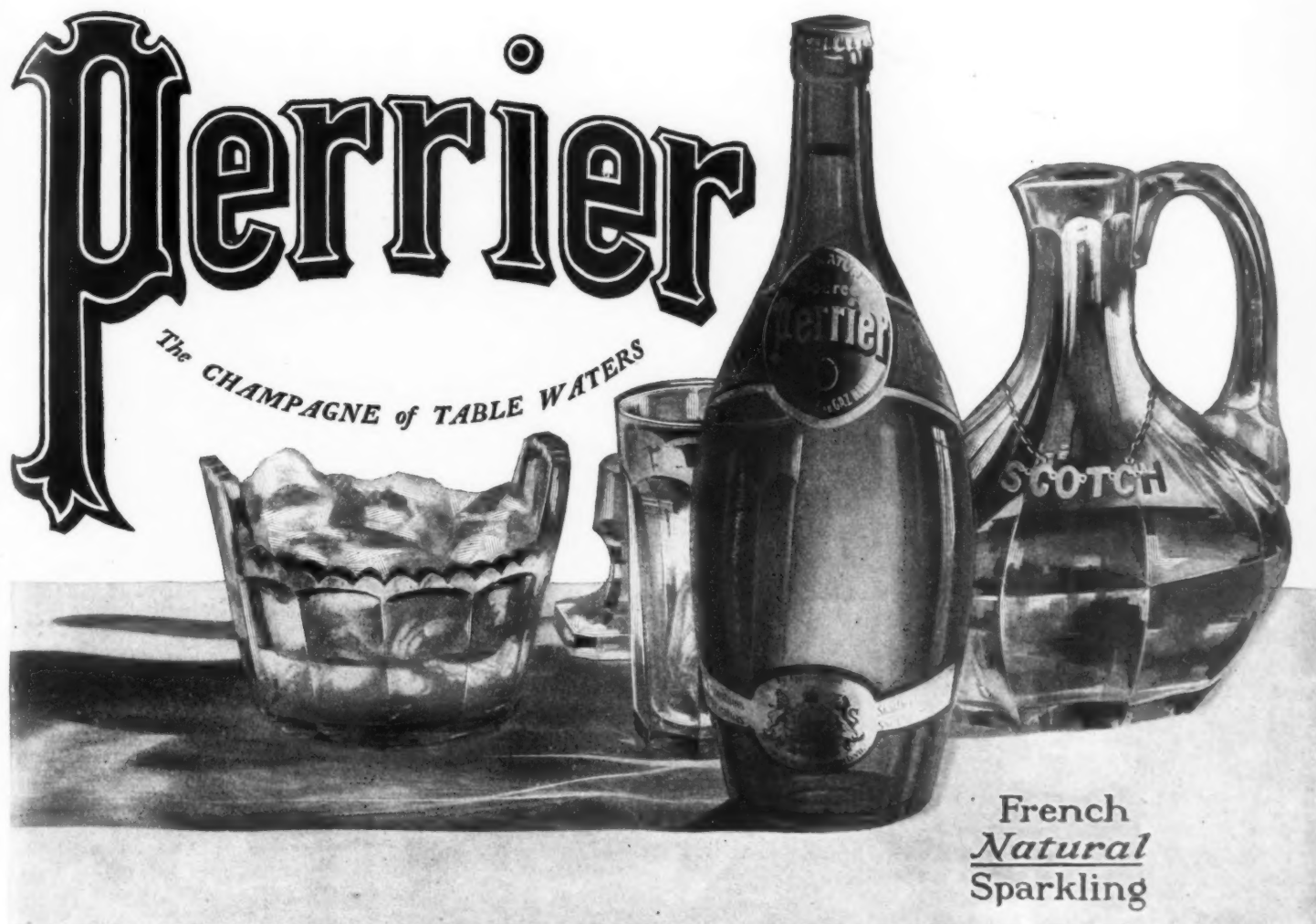
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# Perrier

The CHAMPAGNE of TABLE WATERS



French  
*Natural*  
Sparkling

Improves Your Highball

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Cheer Up

A correspondent in Adrian lightens our burden somewhat by contributing the following:

Cheer up!  
What if the day's cold  
And you're feeling old  
And blue.  
And disgusted, too.  
We all do!  
Take a brace,  
Look trouble in the face  
And smile  
Awhile.  
Nothing's gained by looking glum—  
Keep mum.  
Put your woes on the shelf,  
Keep your troubles to yourself  
And—CHEER UP!

—Detroit Free Press.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

### No Danger

Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house and said breathlessly:

"Mother, they have a new baby next door, and the lady over there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "I will go over in a day or two just as soon as she gets better."

"But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick, and maybe you can do something to help."

"Yes, dear," said the mother patiently, "but wait a day or so until she is just a little better."

Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurted out:

"Mother, you needn't be afraid—it ain't catching."—Cosmopolitan.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer.

"Well," said a woman of thirty, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous"



## Convalescence — Nature's Trying Work

After the siege of illness nature must do double work to build up the worn-out tissues. The process of repairing is often a slow and tedious one unless Nature is assisted in some way. That's when your physician will prescribe a tonic—ask him about

## Sanatogen THE FOOD-TONIC

Sanatogen contains just the proper elements to make recovery quick and sure. Without overworking the digestive organs Sanatogen supplies a body and brain builder at one time. The greater part is albumen—the nutritive part of pure milk made absolutely pure, while the other is Sodium Glycero-Phosphate, the most important constituent of the brain and nerve centres. These two properties are so prepared and combined that they make Sanatogen the most valuable and reliable system builder known to medical science.

WRITE FOR DR. C. W. SALEEBY'S BOOK  
"THE WILL TO DO."

The writings of this famous physician-writer are always interesting and in this book he has put forth some new ideas about your everyday life that will surprise you. Besides giving the relation of your nervous system to general health, he lays down some new rules of hygiene. Fill in the coupon for a free copy.

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NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me a free copy of Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "The Will To Do."

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Burman in Buick Car Winning  
212-Mile Race at Lowell, Mass.

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Remy Electric Company,  
Anderson, Indiana.

Gentlemen — I won the 212-mile race at Lowell today with a REMY Magneto, and as usual did not know what a moment's ignition trouble was. Besides winning the race I also covered the fastest lap of the day, doing the ten and six-tenths miles in ten minutes and twelve seconds, conclusively proving that the REMY Magneto is the greatest magneto made, at high as well as low speed. I cheerfully recommend REMY Magnetos to all drivers of automobiles.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) ROBERT BURMAN.

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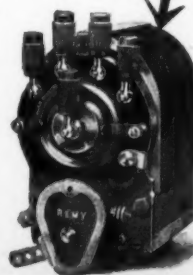
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G. A. BLAIR, Gen'l Eastern Agent, 381 B'way, New York City.

## The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 695)

### When "Words Fail to Describe"

Some time ago we noted the endeavor of a former magazine editor who proclaimed his intention to launch a new magazine, provided he could discover a writer endowed with the combined gifts of Arthur Brisbane, Edward Bok and Thos. W. Lawson. The seasons pass in procession, but that literary Cerberus—"three gentlemen at once"—has not emerged from the void.

We had supposed that imagination could no further go, but now comes a correspondent of the *London Chronicle*. Musing on the heights of Quebec, his mind roves in search of an adequate reporter. Despairing, he exclaims that not only a landscape painter is needed, but "a Shaw, a Chesterton and a Thackeray rolled into one."

The gentleman's sense of beauty does him credit—but why drag in Thackeray?—to say nothing of a landscape painter. The natural beauties of Quebec described in epigram and paradox! What satiated soul could ask for more?



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Protects the soles from dampness in wet weather and keeps the feet warm on cold, dry days.

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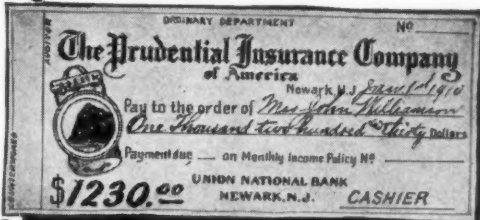

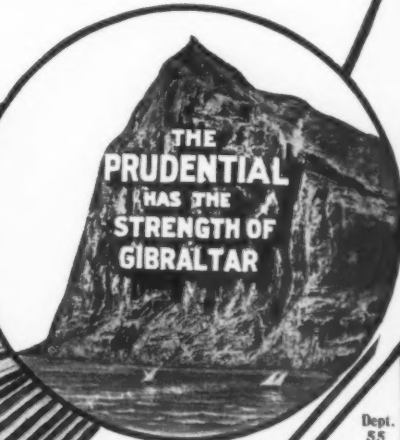
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For \$..... a Month with Cash Payment at Death

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My age is... Beneficiary's age...

Immediate Beneficiary and Continuous Monthly Income Policy

## The Family Is Safe — The Income Guaranteed

### James and James

Our compliments to Professor James, the only American humorist who has successfully grafted humor on psychology. His "Pragmatism," we are informed, has gone through eight editions, and is selling like so many hot rice cakes, in Japan, where the purely imitative Japanese will doubtless, ere long, manufacture a new philosophy of their own on Yankee models. Also his "Will to Believe," published as long ago as 1896, is still in constant request. Yet our compliments

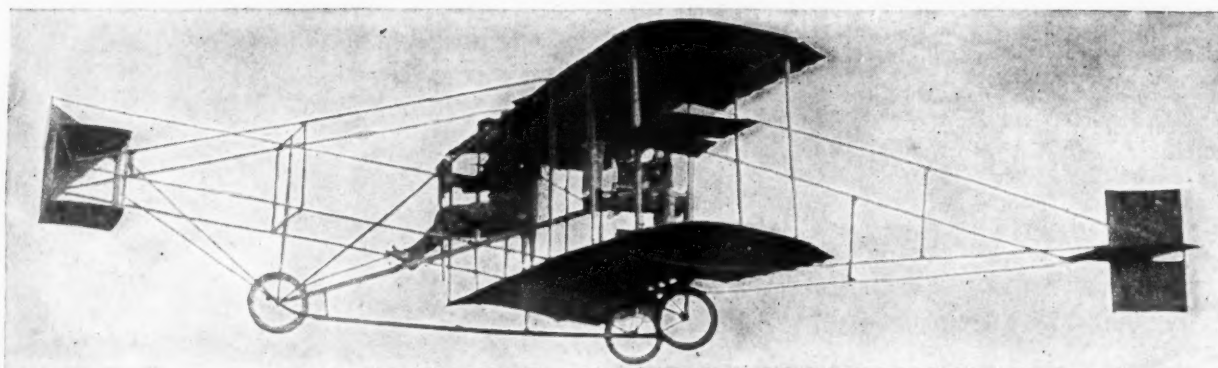
are commingled with qualms. Is it possible that the Professor is becoming too popular? There is always peril in making yourself easily understood. It begets a following that is incompatible with a reputation for profound thought. With "Pragmatism" a "best seller" and the latest novel by the Professor's brother, Henry, circulating in the hundreds, we have a literary mystery whose clarification we leave to the culture clubs.

W. T. L.



# Drive an Aeroplane

- ¶ The operating of an aeroplane, readily handled by the amateur, is now an assured fact.
- ¶ In the number of aeroplanes already purchased Europe is far in advance of America. This was likewise true with the introduction of the automobile.
- ¶ Our Paris correspondent writes us that hundreds of aeroplanes have been sold to private individuals in Europe. One manufacturer, alone, has sold 112—many of the early deliveries at large premiums.
- ¶ A substantial interest has also begun to arouse Americans. A great wave of enthusiasm has set in, and, although more different makes of heavier-than-air machines are to be had abroad, to America belongs the distinction of producing the lightest, speediest, and most practical aeroplane yet designed.



## The Herring-Curtiss Aeroplane

amply demonstrated its supremacy at the recent Rheims international meet by winning the coveted International Cup, which brings to America next year the big world's contest.

- ¶ We invite those interested to favor us with a call. Americans desiring to enter the international contest next year should order machines early to secure prompt delivery, so as to be ready for the different events.
- ¶ A special inducement will be made to those ordering now for delivery after Jan. 1st, 1910.

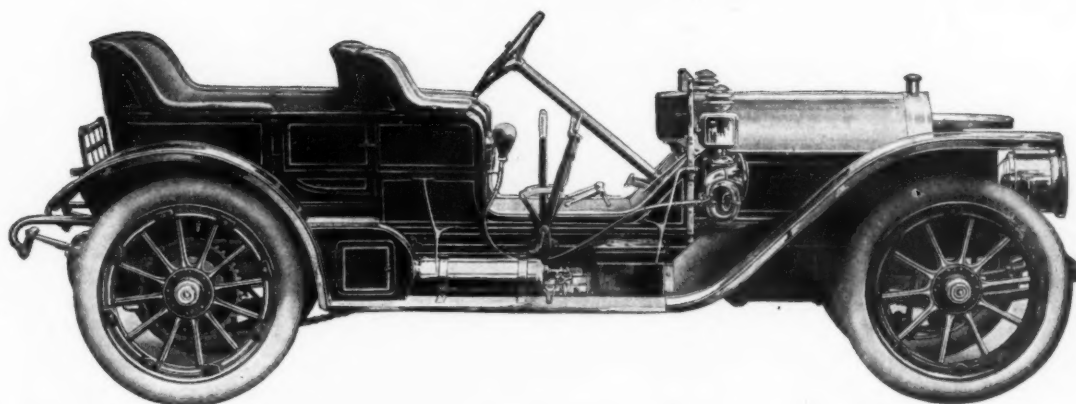
*Every HERRING-CURTISS AEROPLANE is demonstrated in flight before delivery to the purchaser.*

Call or write to Aeronautical Department,

**Wyckoff, Church & Partridge**

1743 Broadway, at 56th St., New York City

# The Sturdiest Car — is The Stearns



**A Popular Model — 30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body — either shaft or side chain drive**

No one knows how long a Stearns will last, for no Stearns has ever worn out.

Each car is given a rigorous road test for endurance. It is tested out in the country where every resistance that any car will ever encounter is met. It is tested out with a dead weight of half a ton of wet sand in the tonneau.

We spend extravagantly in the making, where the expenditure adds to the strength. Some parts cost us three times to make what others pay for lesser parts.

That's why the Stearns costs more than common cars.

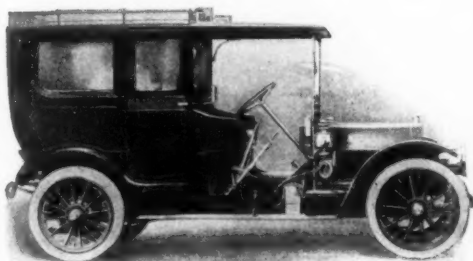
It's good to have this extra strength; the Stearns is the safest car that's made.

## The One Really Up-to-Date Car

The Stearns is always the latest thing in motor car construction. Yet we get out no new yearly models.

But we maintain an experiment department that costs \$40,000 a year. When we perfect a real improvement we add it at once to the car.

So, no matter when you buy a Stearns, you have the very latest advantages that a motor car can offer.



**30-60 H. P. Chassis with Limousine Body**

## The Choice of "Post-Graduate" Motorists

Most of our owners have owned other makes. They have finally come to the Stearns because, as they say, "It's the ultimate car."

They have tired of buying new cars every year. People are buying the Stearns to keep and to use 'til they wear it out.

## The Richest Looking Car

We have carried our quality through to the lines — the finish and the upholstery. All of this work is done in our own factory.

Our roadsters and touring cars are low and rakish — our limousines the handsomest made.

*Clip out the memo as a reminder to write for catalog.*

*The*  
**Stearns**  
*The Ultimate Car*

### A Reminder

**The F. B. Stearns Co.,**  
(Member A. L. A. M.) Cleveland, Ohio  
Please mail me Catalog No. 63.

NAME .....

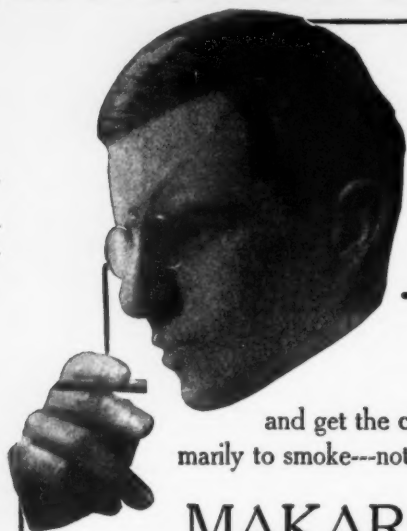
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*Say  
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To day*

and get the cigaret that's made primarily to smoke---not to sell. Really.

## MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

All good stores have them or can get them, instantler.

Plain, cork-tip or mouthpiece. Fifteen Cents and a Quarter.

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BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

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## A CHEERFUL YEARFUL

Cut this out and send it in

*Dear Life:*  
Enclosed please  
find \$5.00 for one years  
subscription. My address  
is

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*yours truly*

\_\_\_\_\_



Mr. Moses (to his son): IKEY, VY DON'T YOU SOAK DOT SKINNY IRISH KID, YOU LITTLE FOOL?

"SHUD UP, FARDER, I'VE GOT ME FOOT ON A DEN-CENT PIECE."



## For Automobilists

A NEW WRENCH—and  
A GOOD WRENCH



### THE PERFECTION WRENCH—most useful tool made.

It is ALL STEEL—capable of instantaneous adjustment—holds like a vise—has positive grip—never slips or mars—is ALWAYS ready to use. Unquestionably the handiest tool around factory, work-shop, house or garage. Indispensable to automobilists, mechanics, and all artisans. Can be used as a vise, clamp, tool-holder, pliers, pipe or monkey wrench—INSTANTLY—without change of parts. The PERFECTION is made in three sizes—8, 10, 12 inch—and three finishes—polished steel, gun-metal, nickel. Prices range from \$2.00 upwards. (Money refunded after three days' trial, if dissatisfied.) "You'll want one—when you see it." For booklet and prices to trade, address PERFECTION WRENCH CO., 518 North Main St., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

### A Modern Lochinvar

Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of  
the west,  
In all the wide country his airship is  
best.

To save his good dollars, he chauffeur  
had none,  
He rode unafraid, and he rode all alone.  
So plucky his flight and so clever his car,  
Have ye e'er heard of Smarty like young  
Lochinvar?

He stayed not for wind and he stopped  
not for rain,  
He flew straight along in his aeroplane.  
But ere he alighted at Rocks-by-the-Sea,  
His girl had consented another's to be.  
For a man with a go H. P. touring-car  
Was to wed the fair Gladys of brave  
Lochinvar.

Then boldly he entered the pink onyx  
hall,  
'Mong climbers and waiters and family  
and all.

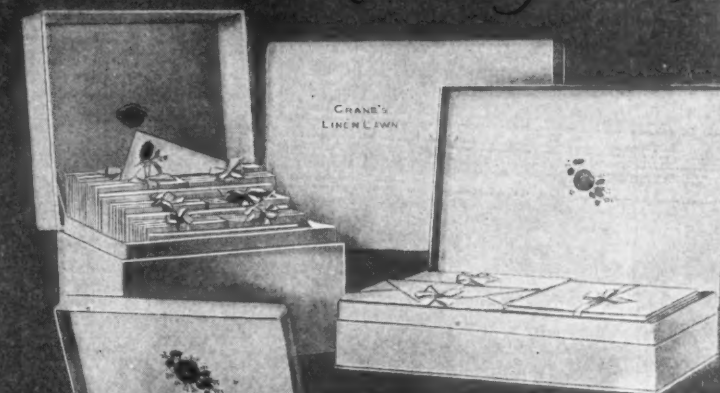
Then spoke the bride's father: "My  
word! Well, I say!"  
(For the poor craven bridegroom just  
faded away).

"Did you come for a match to light your  
cigar,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
Lochinvar?"

"I used to court Gladys, you gave me  
the sack—  
I went away vowing I'd never come back.  
But now, passing by, I've just dropped in  
to lunch,  
To dance but one two-step, drink one  
glass of punch.  
There are maidens in Denver, more  
wealthy by far,  
Who would gladly be bride to the young  
Lochinvar."

One wink of his eye and one word in her  
ear  
When they reached the hall door, for his  
airship was near.  
Right into the craft the fair lady he  
swung,  
Right into the small seat beside her he  
sprung!  
"Let her go! We are off," over tree-  
top and scar,  
"I'll be hanged if they follow!" cried  
young Lochinvar.

## Crane's Linen Lawn in Holiday Boxes



### A Real Christmas Suggestion



Can you think of any more accept-  
able Christmas gift than a box of really  
fine writing paper? Writing paper is  
something one uses constantly and  
one is, therefore, constantly reminded of the giver.

Crane's Linen Lawn has been put up in un-  
usually artistic boxes to be used as gifts for Christ-  
mas and other occasions. The boxes are made in  
several sizes, holding different assortments of  
Crane's Linen Lawn, and are of different tints,  
harmonizing with the tints of the paper. Nothing  
so beautiful in the way of holiday boxes of writ-  
ing paper has ever been produced before.



**ASK YOUR DEALER**—These holiday  
boxes of Crane's Linen Lawn can be  
procured at most stores where good  
stationery is sold. Prices—75 cents,  
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00, according to size  
and quantity of paper. They offer in an unusual  
degree the combination of a beautiful and useful  
present. Ask to see them and be sure they are the  
CRANE boxes. If your stationer cannot supply  
you, write us and we will give you the name of  
a stationer who will.

**EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK PITTSFIELD, MASS.

## CIGARETTES

Positively nothing better than pure **Turkish** "Hadads,"  
Natural flavor only. Not doctored. Each leaf chosen for  
its exquisite aroma. Workmanship perfect. To convince  
you, we will send by mail **100 for \$1.50**. You're pay-  
ing no middleman's profit. Made-to-order and sold direct.  
Try them; if not as good as the best, your money back.  
Order today.

**B. WILDMAN & CO., New Haven, Conn.**

**FOR MEN WHO WANT THE BEST**

## ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A  
pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda  
beverages. A delightful tonic and invigor-  
ator. At wine merchants' and druggists'.  
**Important to see that it is Abbott's.**

There was hustling and bustling at  
Rocks-by-the-Sea!  
Guests, bridesmaids, and ushers were  
mad as could be.  
There was racing and chasing and yell-  
ing like mad,  
There was weeping by mother and swear-  
ing by dad.  
While away overhead, like a luminous  
star,  
Shone the light on the airship of young  
Lochinvar.  
—Carolyn Wells in Harper's Magazine.

# CALIFORNIA



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Rockballast Road Beds, Block Signal Systems  
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## SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

A Fable

*Uncle Sam and His Dogs.*

UNCLE SAM had two dogs, Cæsar and Pompey.

Having but a single bone one day after dinner, he gave it to Pompey and laid down to take a nap. He was scarcely asleep before Cæsar began to quarrel with Pompey, who was quietly gnawing his bone in the corner. Cæsar growled at Pompey and Pompey growled back at Cæsar. Cæsar showed his teeth and bristled up his hair, and so did Pompey. Cæsar put his paws on Pompey and Pompey knocked them off with his paws. Cæsar tried to bite Pompey and Pompey tried to bite Cæsar. In short, they got into a fierce fight for the bone, Cæsar to get it and Pompey to keep it.

In the midst of the fight one of Uncle Sam's sons came in. "Pompey," says he, "what are you quarreling about?"

"Cæsar wants my bone and I am trying to keep it," said Pompey.

"You vile dog," says Daniel, "how dare you to fight for your bone? Father gave it to you to gnaw, and not to fight about! Here, Cæsar, take the



## A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
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All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

## Clark's Cruises Around the World

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons. One ship for whole trip. Feb. 5, 1910, from Frisco. \$650 and up; a few vacancies. Similar cruises Oct. 13, 1910, and Feb. 5, 1911.  
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, 1910. \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosz Kurfuert," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine. Excellent series Europe and Oberammergau tours. Specify program desired.

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, N. Y.

bone," and so saying he kicked Pompey out of doors.

By this time the noise had awakened the old gentleman, who came out to see what was the matter.

"Dan," says he, "what is this fuss about?"

"The rascal Pompey," says Dan, "has been fighting for his bone, and knowing you did not give it to him to fight about, I gave it to Cæsar and kicked him out of doors."

"How came he to fight for his bone?"

"Cæsar attempted to take it away from him."

"So Cæsar began the fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman with a sigh, "you have done very wrong. Pompey would not have fought for his bone if Cæsar had not tried to take it away from him; so that Cæsar is the worse dog of the two. Indeed, Pompey was only defending the bone I gave him, and yet you punish him and reward his assailant. If you want to prevent quarreling among the dogs about the bones I give them you must first kick out of doors those who fight to get them; if those to whom I have given them then make a disturbance, kick them out, too; but I seldom knew a dog quarrelsome so long as he was permitted to gnaw his bone in peace."

"Take a lesson from this, my son, and if you ever get to be President and

(Continued on page 723)

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## Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 722)

wish to prevent contention about the offices, FIRST kick out of doors the OFFICE-SEEKERS, and then kick after them every dog of an office-holder who will not gnaw his bone in peace."—From "Kendall's Expositor," Washington, April 21, 1841.

### Of Conversation

THE usual Conversation of ordinary Women very much cherishes a natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate. Mention the name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birthday furnishes Conversation for a Twelve-month after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat, are standing Topicks. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those ornaments of the Mind that make Persons Illustrious in themselves and Useful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colors, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life than the solid and substantial Blessings of it. A Girl who had been trained up in this kind of

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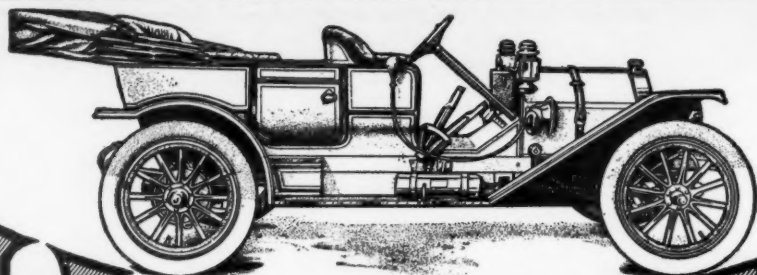
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An' sing for us another song.  
The only thing wot we require  
Is, you don't keep us waitin' long.

We 'ear from others day by day,  
An' some is good—but wot they do  
Ain't got the swing o' "Mandalay";  
So won't you let us 'ear from you?

Of late you 'aven't wrote no rhyme,  
An' every poet-lovin' cuss  
Is spendin' more than 'alf 'is time  
A list'nin' for you—same as us.  
—Walter S. Trumbull in *Lippincott's*.

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During the Presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con, and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way between the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.  
"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad, but just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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### Still Struggling

"What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk.

"That is a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed.

"I guess I'll have to charge you a duty upon it," replied the inspector. "It competes with a small and struggling industry in this country."—*New York Sun*.

### Too Pointed

Mr. Howard was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day he went into a music store to buy the music of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up and to him Mr. Howard said in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.—*Washington Star*.

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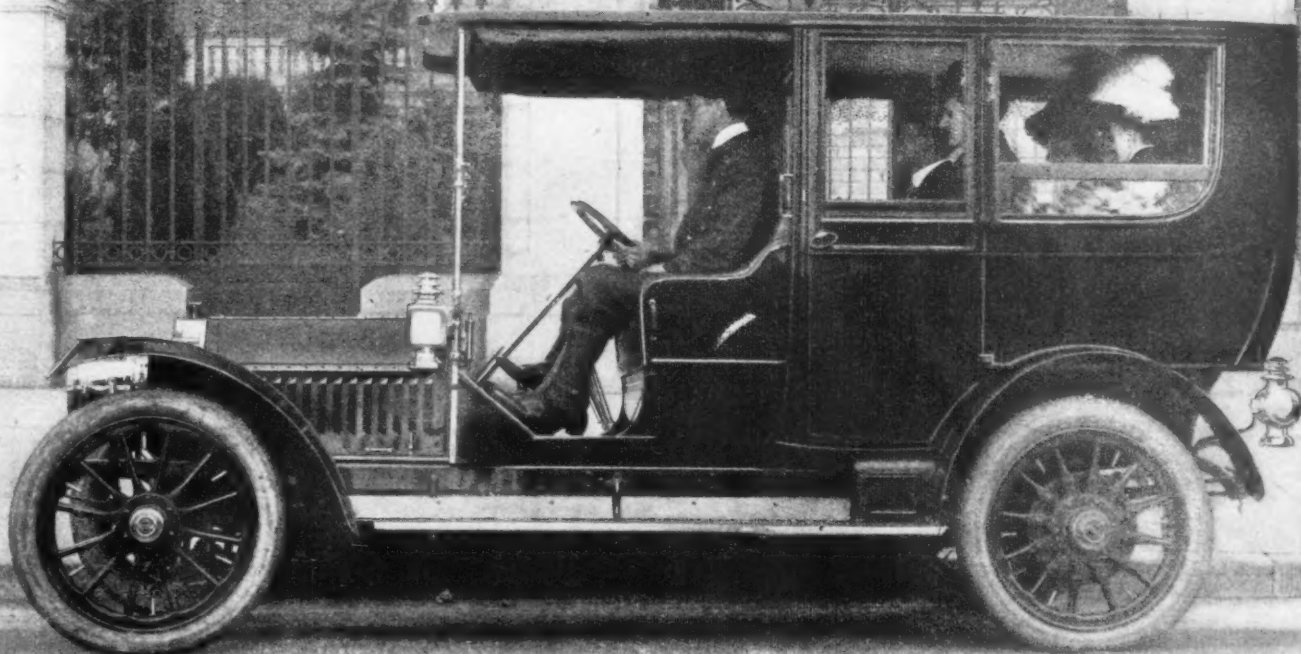
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